The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

VOL. IV. (New Series.) No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1906. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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The Presence.

BY A. R. IRVINE INNES.

THY face I cannot see,
Thy voice I do not hear,
No form appears to me;
Yet Thou art near.

I feel Thee all around
In love enfolding me;
O mystery profound,
I live in Thee!

And from Thy face there shines
A light upon my way;
While thought of Thee divines
What Thou dost say.

Thy words are silences
That tell of perfect peace;
With heavenly calm they bless
And troubles cease.

As in Thy love I lie,
Yet closer would I be;
Thy will be mine, that I
Be one with Thee.

LEARN that to love is the one way to know,
Or God or man; it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it. —JEAN INGELOW.

What Tertius did.

BY W. G. TARRANT, B.A., WANDSWORTH.

"*I, Tertius, who write the epistle, salute you in the Lord.*"—(Rom. xvi., 22.)

THE picture called up by this verse is in many ways interesting. First, there is the scene; then, the man; and, finally, his task—a task of great importance for the world and for himself.

The scene, according to scholars, must have been in Corinth, that busy seaport and manufacturing centre that stood (as Pindar sang) upon "the bridge of the sea." East and west, gulfs ran from it to the Ægean and Ionian seas, bringing to the quays of the city the wealth of many lands. In ancient times Corinth might have hoped to be the one greatest city of the Greeks; and, though that fortune was denied, it remained, till the ruin wrought by the Roman conquest in the second century B.C., a wealthy, populous, and influential place. About a century after that disaster, it rose again into prosperity under the fostering care of Julius Cæsar; and, by the time that Tertius was writing there it had become once more a thriving city. Its streets hummed with the busy voices of trade, its temples were adorned with new sculptures, its

homes were filled with the hopes, joys, and sorrows of our common human lot.

To us of the twentieth century, the multitude that played out life's drama in the first on that far-off historic stage have become very dim. Like leaves of the wood, these people, each with his own individual history and fortunes, lived their little day, and then sank into the dust, as we shall do. But now and then some relic of past life re-appears, a worn inscription it may be, that serves at least to keep a name alive, to suggest a character, and to whisper assurance of an immortal element in man. Here is the name "Tertius," inscribed at the end of an old document, where its perpetuity is better assured, we cannot doubt, than if it were carved in marble or cast in brass. If we inquire who Tertius was we find little by way of answer beside conjecture. He has a Latin name, and may have been a native of the Rome to which the document is addressed—or he may not. There is no telling. He may have shared the importance of some others in that Christian circle at Corinth who also bear Latin names, such as the Crispus and Gaius, whom Paul himself baptised, contrary to his usual custom. Or, more probably, he may have been of slave origin, brought up as many a slave was in those days to practice the art of writing, and now proving useful as the ready and capable assistant of the rough-handed worker in tent-cloth, the Apostle Paul. We may reasonably infer that his selection by the Apostle as an amanuensis, indicates peculiar aptitude on his part, if not superior gifts; for it was a very serious piece of work that was entrusted to him. It is not unlikely that as the work went on there would grow up a closer fellowship between the great author of the epistle and his clerk; there would be moments of emphasis, comment, explanation, even discussion, I venture to think. Yet our historic imagination must not magnify Tertius too much. After all, the document he had to write down emanated not from his brain, but from another's. His duty was on the whole one of lowly subordination. In short, *he had to do what he was told,* and so he becomes typical of most of us. He did faithfully what he was set to do. Do we?

As you now cast your mental glance over your own more or less lowly tasks, and remember things that you have to do, whether you like them and wholly agree with them or not, you may be disposed to think that if only you were in apostolic company day by day, and had something to do comparable in importance to making a first fair copy of this memorable "Epistle to the Romans," you would find it easier than you do to be strictly dutiful. The thought is by no means to be passed by with a smile. Assuredly, one is greatly helped and stimulated by a consciousness that his work is done for a great man or a great cause. Things that are humble in themselves take on dignity from those for whom they are done. Great nobles willingly and gladly wait upon a king. "Do it to please me," says the beloved mother, and the child finds the task less difficult when looked at in that light. The simplest blessing given to the poorest and lowliest, says our Master, is given unto *him;* and so the whole round of usefulness and benevolence, from ordinary household duties to civic services, puts on a new attractiveness. If Tertius could have seen that he was going to sign his name at the end of one of the most famous of Christian Scriptures he might well have gloried in his opportunity and given his whole energy to the work in hand.

But we cannot suppose that the humble amanuensis had any such exalted conception of the work in hand. That it was good work, serious and responsible work, he was no doubt sagacious enough to understand. He was one of the happy few in all that city who felt the power and magnetism of St. Paul's personality. Yet who of the most enthusiastic disciples could foresee the grand destiny awaiting that travel-stained missionary from Jerusalem, and the importance that would attach to his lightest utterance in ages to come? There was no halo visible around that head any more than there had been around the head that bowed in ignominy on the cross. Popular applause was lacking, and if a fervent few rallied to the cause, "not many wise, not many noble," gave it their approval and support. Even St.Paul himself, we perceive, had moments of dejection; he was often weary, often disappointed. How

much more likely, then, that a simple "brother" like Tertius would be exposed to doubts and misgivings, and that, even when working for an Apostle, he would require all possible encouragement to persevere in his share of Christian propaganda.

Still, you say perhaps, thinking of the high place that this epistle to the Romans has taken in the realm of theology, any intelligent writer, if attentive—not to say devout—must surely have felt inspired as section after section was dictated to him and read over to see if it was rightly rendered. Well, there is much in that thought, too. Imagine the effect of the world's greatest words the first time they broke on listening ears. These undying words of St. Paul, we think, must have kindled something like rapture in the mind that first heard them. To us they come with the disadvantage, as well as the advantage, of much repetition. Some are so familiar that we cannot remember when we first heard them. In one way this is an advantage. To have the mind richly stored with seed-sayings, each ready to spring up into beauty and harvest in due season, is a blessing which intelligent men covet and wise men work to gain. In another way, however, use is a hindrance, robbing things of their freshness, and blinding us to their full significance. I suppose Tertius must have thrilled now and again with peculiar excitement when some unexpected flash of spiritual wisdom came from the Apostle's master mind. He might well wonder, as surely we all do at times under the touch of a great genius, that such power is given to man.

All that is true, or possible. But there is one thing of which I am as sure as I can be of anything about this man Tertius. I am sure, after many an hour's study of this document, with all the aids at my disposal, that Tertius must have found some parts of the epistle very hard indeed to follow. It is one of the stiffest pieces of literature in the whole Bible. As is was being written down there were frequent passages that needed the closest care and attention, so as not to miss the sense. If one were sure that our earliest MSS. gave an exact reproduction of the work as it left the hands of Tertius, I might be bold enough to suggest that here and there St. Paul and he might have made the argument a little clearer. I can even suppose that now and again a passage would occur in the composition of the treatise (for you know it is an essay rather than a letter) when the disciple might feel, dubiously, that the reasoning was not quite convincing. At least, if he did so, I for one cannot blame him; and lest the notion should shock any of us we must remember that an Apostle's authority was not in those days hedged about with traditional sanctities. The Christians of Corinth, in particular, proved very apt to discuss even St. Paul's teachings with great freedom. They did not feel bound, however great their love and reverence for him, to accept all he said without question. St. Paul had, indeed, to rebuke their tendency to party feeling; but, at this time of day, we need not greatly regret the ancient Christian tendency to debate. It would have been a poor prospect for the future of Christianity if the first converts had not been alert and honest enough to attempt at least to "prove all things," even the *dicta* of an Apostle. It is only through earnest, thought and independent judgment that mental fruitfulness can come. We rightly regret some of the results of the ancient speculation; but speculative interest, let us be sure, is always necessary for practical progress, alike in the church and in the community at large.

So then, though of course I do not know, I can well imagine a Tertius who, when he was trying under St. Paul's direction to work through some of the thorny pieces of doctrine that are in this epistle, would be sensible of difficulty if not of repugnance. Here are deep things and perplexing subjects, treated as never before in all the world's literature. Instead of picturing the earthly life of Jesus Christ, which in its incidents and local colouring must have been fully as interesting to the common folk of the old world as it is to some of us, St. Paul's mind sublimed the whole subject into something like an abstraction, except that "the spirit of Christ" was to him no dreamy figment of the imagination, but a real and unique power in his own life and in the world. His mind ranged over the problem of the universe; and all history, all creation, and all destiny, found for him its

centre in the appearing of Jesus Christ in this world. Man's complex nature, the body with its vexing capacity for passions often degrading, the spirit with its aspirations to better and holier things, came under his philosophical analysis; and he sought in the person and work of Christ, the one divinely sent redeeming force which should restore moral order and give the ultimate victory to a man's better part. The relationship of this new gospel to the old Judaism, the place of the Jewish race in the scheme of world-salvation that dawned here upon his mind, and all the complexities of fate, foreknowledge and freewill—here were further profound themes which the Apostle attacked in turn. Tertius had to plod away through it all; and he would have to be a wiser man than most who have studied the epistle if he found it all easy to grasp at once, all argumentatively clear and cogent. But there, day by day, he sat, manfully doing his share of the great task; and if he found any of it "dry," or too subtle, or downright in conflict with his own feelings here and there, it had still to be written, and written it was, at whatever cost of irksomeness to him.

You see, I am crediting Tertius with your own sensitiveness to different impressions, and I should like to credit you with his steadiness and final perseverance. Of course, your work is not outwardly like his, but essentially there may be more resemblance than you have thought. Not only have we all duties which may be arduous or even distasteful at times —we are truly engaged in a kind of epistle-writing as long as we live. Not all letters are written on paper, or parchment, or papyrue St Paul himself, the greatest of Christian letter-writers, declares to these very Corinthians—"Ye are our Epistle." He wrote or dictated many fine things, but his finest work, after all, lay in the lives he touched to nobler issues. It is given to some thus to write greater books than were ever published. They more or less consciously hear "the Spirit" say "write;" and day by day they try to obey as best they may. What an epistle of love and duty that mother is writing in her child's mind—to be read in days to come, perhaps with tears and shame, yet let us hope with redeeming memories. As she, so we all "write" in countless ways, for countless lives, the messages imparted to us for this very purpose.

Thank God, much that comes to everyone to hand on to others is as clear and as immediately practical as, say, the twelfth chapter of this epistle. Look at its familiar words again, and imagine with what relief Tertius drew his breath as he swiftly penned the words: "In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one toward another," "set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly;" be kind, sympathetic, honourable in all your daily dealings. Here is, indeed, a path where even a fool cannot err; the sense is as clear and as cheerful as the day. And so it is here: "Overcome evil with good." Why, we can all see that that is the only way to overcome evil and make an end of it—though seeing this and practising it are not equally easy. Now I say, Tertius might well have a smile of content and acquiescence on his face as he went on inscribing such lines. He would say to himself, "My old friends in Rome yonder will make no mistake about that, anyhow." And then he might remember some of the preceding pages that had made his brow wrinkle and would lead to much wrinkling of brows yonder, and wherever the epistle went. But was he to be sorry those other things had to be written? If some revealing angel had opened his mind's eyes so that he could see what wrangles and disputes, and alas, what bad tempers and revilings, and persecutions would arise thereafter as different men compared notes on the Apostle's teachings, would the faithful copyist regret his share in those pages and wish to cancel them, if he might?

I cannot say, because I don't know enough about the man; but I think there are some gentle natures who would feel just like that, and I should be sorry if we did not all feel a little like that. But I should be sorrier if you or I deliberately avoided any real duty of ours, felt distinctly to be such, and tried to excuse our neglect or sloth on the plea that we wanted to avoid difficulties. If I understand the mind of Jesus it was far from the feebleness arising from lack of faith in the ultimate triumph of the right and true.

"Think not," he is reported as saying, "that I came to bring peace on the earth, I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Now, you know well that if anyone loved peace, he did; you recall his blessing on the peacemakers, and you feel that the very thought of his life and word helps you when you would "still unholy strife." Yet, if his message to men were to be complete, Jesus had his sterner words to utter; and we all have our part, if we are genuine followers of Christ, if we are genuine men at all, in attacking with our full force and as best we may the problems and difficulties of life. It is no use pretending such problems do not exist; conspiracies of silence heal no sore of the world. We must simply do our best, and believe God will bring our imperfect efforts to a perfect achievement by and by.

I take it that that is the sort of defence that both St. Paul and his amanuensis would make if they were charged with needlessly troubling their own and other minds, instead of living a genial, lazy, and insincere life. "What the Spirit saith," must needs be written; and if easy, and sweetly clear and acceptable, so be it. But if it is difficult and unwelcome, yet *true and right*, so far as we can judge, let us faithfully write down what is committed to us. Thus only can the world's progress be assured, and our own souls prosper. For it was just as important that the writer himself should prove a true man as that the argument he had to publish was a true argument. Let a man be found a faithful steward, faithful in saying and doing his best with the problems, commercial, social, domestic, political, theological, that arise in his life; and let him be full of faith that that is the one way, however beset with difficulties it may be, in which the ways of God shall at last be justified to men.

It was because Tertius manfully worked through all his task, the rough and the smooth, that here at the close one seems to see his face looking up from the parchment, or papyrus, with a glad satisfaction. Had he shirked, had he disappointed his master, his case would have been far otherwise. But now his master and he have each done his best; and though all the glory shall be the master's, the peace of mind shall be shared by both. And so that lowly, obscure, helpful man of old casts a memorable, and let us say, an inspiring glance to every one of us as he says: "I, Tertius, who write the Epistle, salute you in the Lord."

Notes and Jottings.

The election fever is already over, although, at the time of writing these notes, hundreds of contests are yet to be decided. The fever is over because there cannot now arise any new excitement to feed it. The country is so jaded and glutted with sensational surprises, that surprise has become a thing to be expected. Miracle itself is transformed by repetition into a monotonous uniformity.

The vocabulary of our journalists has quite broken down under the extraordinary strain of finding fresh terms in which to describe the Liberal and Labour triumph. The "General Ejection" was what one newspaper by a divinely inspired misprint called it. Others have characterised it as a "landslide," while a Yorkshire paper surpassed itself by speaking of the "appalling subsidence." Tidal wave, earthquake, and hurricane were among the mildest words applied. I have not personally seen cyclone, simoon, scirocco, or typhoon rsed, but they cannot have been overlooked. Mr. Balfour, with admirable self-restraint, called it "a crisis of fate," while his opponents rose to a height of exaltation, from which they saw it as "A Day of Judgment." It is obvious that before an emergency of this kind can be dealt with we must bring over a consignment of free imports from the ranks of American Journalism.

The past is dead, and a new epoch has been born. This election has tolled the knell not of one party only, but of two. The old-fashioned Toryism and the old-fashioned Liberalism are both alike things of yesterday. Labour, for the first time in British history, has come into being as a Parliamentary force of first-rate importance. With the shifting of power there must come about also a change of names. As in the London County Council

men are no longer "Conservatives" and "Liberals" but "Moderates" and "Progressives," so in our future national politics we shall have to abandon the old party names and invent new terms to describe a wholly new situation.

In the new Parliament Liberalism will have to face no common danger. Its majority is so great that it may fail to carry its huge and unweildy bulk, and thus fall to pieces by its own sheer weight. So enormous a following must weaken party loyalty and relax party discipline. The Premier will need all his Scotch shrewdness and sagacity to maintain a united army in the face of a guerilla warfare of small groups and coalitions of groups. On the other hand it is frequently asserted that if this party will now proceed to pass sober and moderate measures of constructive social reform, it will again be returned to power at the end of five years, and thus govern the country for at least a decade. Never prophesy unless you know. But at all events the future must prove a period of quite unprecedented political interest.

At this auspicious moment appears *The Tribune*, the new London penny morning Liberal paper. Its first issue contained a remarkable article by the Bishop of Hereford, on "Church and People," in which he says that the consequence of the political rupture of 1886 was that the upper and wealthier classes became in the main Conservative, and that "English Society has since that time been divided politically by horizontal in place of vertical lines." The Church of England, in accepting certain advantages of a material kind, became identified with the anti-popular reaction of the last twenty years. The clergy caught in the drift of the upper and wealthier classes, threw the weight of their influence on the side of wealth and privilege, and lost the sympathy and the confidence of the mass of the people." It is high time for Churchmen to consider the duty of ranging themselves, as far as they can conscientiously do so, on the side of the people. . . . . No greater misfortune could befall our common English life than that the growing estrangement between the Church and the masses should continue and increase."

He concludes a most significant appeal by saying, "I hope our Church of England may go forward through all the better days in front of us in closer sympathy than hitherto, with all popular aspirations, and growing in strength and power for all good influence, because more deeply rooted in the heart and the affections of the people."

The plea of this outspoken bishop is *mutatis mutandis*, peculiarly applicable to our own little community. We have not, indeed, received from any party any material gains as the Anglican Church has done, but our Churches have been too conspicuously "divided politically by horizontal in place of vertical lines," and their witness on social questions has been in consequence curiously impotent or completely silent.

There are, however, some signs that this paralysis is about to give place to renewed vital activity. "Social Questions Committees" are being organised in connection with many of our District Associations, and it will be the business of such committees to consider matters of social importance and recommend plans of practical work. Great fear has been expressed lest "politics" should be brought forward by these committees at our meetings. Assurances have sometimes been given or exacted that only schemes of collective philanthropic endeavour will be suggested, and that "politics" (that super-holy theme) be set apart.

I have never been able to see how hard and fast lines can be drawn between religion and applied religion, and between applied religion and politics, or between the conduct of man as a citizen and his conduct as a private individual. Common sense (where it exists) will indeed help men to distinguish the important and the unimportant; and Christian charity will ensure a catholic temper and a broad tolerance of diverse opinions. But once a ques-

tion of real moral and religious urgency confronts the Nation, the fact that it is also a matter of "politics" should not be allowed to silence the testimony of the Christian Church. There are silences which are not tactful but infamous, and it is better to run the risks of breaking such silences than to live on in a placid state of united and harmonious dishonour.

J. M. Ll. T.

St. Michael and all Angels.

THE sword of Michael flashes in keen September's stars,
With crowns of all the Angels that fight in his high wars;
O Michael, O dear Angels, look down on us who wage
A sick, heart-weary warfare with loss and pain and age!
O send us, of your pity, that strength your God gives you,
And help us, of your mercy, to keep our spirits true!
For sorely let and hindered are we on this wild Earth;
We start our course so gladly, with joy and trust and mirth,
We reach out hands of friendship to Life and Death and God,
And all is good that meets us,—we long to kiss the rod.
No task is then too heavy; no grief is then too great,
We stand like strong young Angels and strike a pact with Fate.
But ah! as Time moves onward it dims our eyes' proud light
With tears and long, long heart-aches that rack each lonely night;
And Work has lost its meaning, and Love flies very far
Like some warm, human maiden translated to a star.
And anguish grips our spirits for youth forever fled,
And Age and Sorrow wait us ere we may join our dead.
Our dead!—O ye most living amidst that angel-band
Be with us each who love you, and strengthen us to stand
Fast in your Chief's great freedom, and wield the Spirit's sword
Of Love and Faith and Courage, as freemen of your Lord!
O cloud of blessed witnesses who loved and love us still
Be with us in the conflict and nerve each faltering will!
You held us strong to conquer; your precious words we read
In some tear-blemished letter that helped us in our need;
You *hold* us strong to conquer, though weak and sore beset;
You know the sword of Michael shall worst the tempter yet.
And as the stars grow brighter when winter's reign is near
When wanes our outer gladness, our inner star shines clear.
It shines and beckons onward; its light is one with yours,
And all the holy Angels shall crown him who endures.
The sword of Michael flashes; he stands before God's face
And prays "Let all be victors, O Father, of Thy grace!"

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

———:o:———

There is no use of living if our lives do not help other lives. They must help other lives if in themselves is the power of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—*Henry Drummond.*

When it rests with a man, wholly and alone, to be right with himself and God, and none else will know his struggle or appreciate his victory, when he contends for wholeness and uprightness of heart against the self which custom, indulgence, position, have made, then, indeed, "greater is he that conquereth himself than he that taketh a city."—*J. Edwin Odgers.*

Patria.

(From "The New Hymnal.")

7.6.7.6. D. REV. F. A. HOMER.

To Thee, the Lord Al - migh - ty, Our no - blest praise we give,
Who all things hast cre - a - ted, And bless - est all that live:
Whose good - ness, nev - er fail - ing Thro' count - less a - ges gone,
For ev - er and for ev - er Shall still keep shi - ning on.
W. GASKELL.

Astronomical Notes for Feb.

THE most important event of the month is the total eclipse of the moon on the 9th. There is also a partial eclipse of the sun on the 23rd, but this is not visible in England. Unfortunately the moon sets on the 9th soon after half-past seven in the morning, before the middle of the eclipse, so that few will see it except astronomical enthusiasts and those who are compelled by business engagements or induced by habits of early rising to be up before that time. The moon first comes into contact with the shadow of the earth at 5.57, the middle of the eclipse is at 7.47, a few minutes after the moon has set, and she finally emerges from the shadow at 9.37. Jupiter is high in the heavens during the evenings throughout the month, and Mars is still visible, setting soon after nine o'clock, but Saturn has disappeared.

Learn to give, and not to take; to drown your own hungry wants in the happiness of lending yourself to fulfil the interests to those nearest or dearest to you.—*Henry Scott Holland.*

The Largest Unitarian Church in the World.

A bölöni unitárius templom az 1617 évben épitett várral.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT BÖLÖN, HUNGARY, WITH THE OLD WALL, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1617.

THE Rev. Odon Löfi, whom many of our readers will remember as a student of Manchester College, Oxford, has recently become minister of the above church, in succession to his father. A correspondent has received the following interesting letter from him :—

Nagy-Ajta, Hungary,
January 5th, 1906.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

* * * *
* * * *

All our churches were founded in the 16th century, when John Sigismund, the "Unitarian Prince," reigned in Transylvania. Bölön is one of them. In olden times the whole village confessed to the Unitarian faith, but when the Calvinist princes came to the throne they caused a Calvinist Church to be built. And as all communal wealth belonged to the Church in general, two-thirds of it only becoming the property of the Unitarian (as larger), and one-third that of the Calvinist Church. So that up to the present day the Unitarian Church is called by the people "the great church," and the other "the small church," the Unitarian minister "the great minister," and the other "the small minister," and so on. Until 1868 the two churches had common bells, common fields and forests, and a common bridge over the neighbouring river, the taxes of which were similarly divided. I am the minister of "the great church," and great it may be called, for it is the largest of all our congregations, consisting of about 1,800 souls. They are all Szeklers of the best set, proud of their genealogy, which runs up to Attila, whose descendants came to this country on the Milky Way! This is also one of the wealthiest Protestant Churches in the whole of Hungary, for it has a property of about 800 acres of land and rich forests, and a large sum of money, the income of which supplies the salary of the minister, three teachers, the lay curate, the treasurer, 15 presbyters, &c. To the church belongs a Unitarian denominational school, where about 250 exclusively Unitarian boys and girls of the village are educated—all gratis. There are four large halls in the school, and a lodging of four rooms for the "leading teachers." It is surrounded by a large garden and courtyard, and a playing ground in front of it. (All the three teachers and the present minister, together with all other officials, were born in Bölön!) Above the school, on the top of a hill, overlooking the whole neighbouring country, stands the church, the handsomest Protestant Church of Transylvania. Whitewashed inside and outside, it shines forth the simple but true faith which is preached in it. As a contrast it is surrounded by an old wall with four bulwarks, darkened by three hundred years which it has seen pass by. Old times and present day embrace each other at this place.

reminding us of unmatched struggles, out of which the simple faith of the Szeklers came forth victorious. The present church was built in 1894-95, exclusively at the cost of the congregation, and a pretty sum it was of 120,000crs. Here I may mention that the Sexton, who is also elected for life, is still called "jail keeper," because in old times the fortification was used for jail. Then the Unitarians are obliged to ring the bell at daybreak, at mid-day, and at sunset, and at four o'clock in the morning during the winter. An old Pagan custom also survives among the people. The women, when they go to church, all take with them a small bunch of flowers, which they smell during the service, and then leave on the benches—as a sacrifice to the gods. A great many of them take such a dose of the flowers' odour that they peacefully fall into the arms of Morpheus. The seats in the church are divided for the young and old men, for the young and *younger* women (for they would not be called "old!") and the galleries are reserved for the youth, male and female severally. There is a very fine organ in one of the galleries with double keyboard. The pulpit is beautifully carved of oak, and was bought at the Millenial Exhibition in 1896. The whole congregation is made up of farmers and labourers, there being no factories and the like in the village. And as the minister and teachers get a part of their salary in land and meadows, they too are obliged to grow potatoes, oats, wheat, &c., so that we are in constant communication with our people. We have many small troubles with each other, but when we come together consulting the affairs of the church, all is even.

We are all great patriots, too! For politics is always running very high in Hungary, especially now when Austrian "fatherly care" is shown to us in such a way that even dogs would not take it in. We will not be happy until we are severed from the Austrians' embrace. In this district we have elected as M.P. my brother-in-law, who is a faithful follower of Kossuth and a member of our congregation at Nagy-Ajta [Mr. Löfi's former church]. But let politics rest where it was born—and I do not know where that place is. My father was minister of my present church for 45 years, and seven years at another place—52 years in the ministry—and even now—thanks to God!—they like his preaching much more than his son's! Now he is 81 years old, in good health, and good humour. He has four sons and three daughters, all blown into the world's whirlwind, and boasts of 14 grand-children. Before my ancient took up the ministry he was an officer of the Kossuth Hussars during the war of Independence, in 1848-49. He distinguished himself in many battles (under the leadership of the Polish Genera' Bem) in such a way that when the Russian army came to the help of for ever hated Austria and checked our righteous struggle, my father was degraded and brought to Italy as private on foot! An hussar going *on foot* to Italy—the biggest shame that can befall a Magyar sildier. There he spent two long years, full of misery, and nourishing such a hate in his bosom against Austria, that if it had been a sea would have swallowed millions of worlds, and if it were a fire, would have scorched all existence. When he came home he found consolation in preaching. Often has he spoken of the great times which he fought through, and of the sufferings which followed the unsuccessful struggle, but always with the faith of Ezekiel: "I will multiply upon you man and beast, and they shall increase and be fruitful: and I will cause you to be inhabited after your former estate, and will do better unto you than at the beginning." In 1881 my father was elected Dean of this ecclesiastical district, and he held that honour for 23 years. He was and is a farmer, too. And how great a consolation was farming to him when, during the dark years it was not allowed even to preach without being listened to by "Cæsarian fatherly care." But now all that is ended. He lives in peace, and I am his successor, and may God give me the strength of his faith, his hope, that I should followin his footsteps!

This is a tale, my friend, true to the last letter. . . . . I hope one day "my dogs will bark at you in Bölön—that is to say you will visit me and my home. . . . .

I am sincerely yours,

E. Löfi.

Dr. Hunter's "Pastoral."

Guarding the Holy Fire.*

The Pastoral letter which Dr. Hunter sent to his congregation on New Year's Day has been republished, greatly to the benefit of a much larger congregation than that to which he ministers in Glasgow. It is a powerful plea for the thoughtful and deliberate culture of the religious life. It points out that we cannot expect to keep the sacred fire burning on the altar of the heart without the use of due and appropriate means. We commend the whole letter to our readers. On two points especially we desire to emphasise Dr. Hunter's plea. We shall best do that by quoting his own words:—

The Need for Effort.

"There is no royal road to anything—least of all to the Divinest things of life. Intimacy with God, the communion of the Spirit, faith, hope, love, reverence, spiritual insight, peace and joy in the Eternal Will—these things cannot be purchased with easy and indifferent living. Method and habit are just as natural and necessary and valuable in religion and in the development and training of religious character as in any other of our human relations and interests. It is impossible, we well know, to possess power or spirit of any kind without the habitual use of its accompanying forms. All our higher faculties, affections, and tastes need constant nourishment and exercise; and the higher they are the more regular and sustained must be the exercise of them in the practice that makes perfect. To produce any activity that is meant to be a continuous and constant element in life there must be unremitting attention to the conditions of its development and use. The masters of music are always in training; they not only give years of laborious study to the discipline and education of their musical power and taste, but after all their preparatory studies they do not neglect the daily practice. But with regard to the devout spirit and life we are slow, almost reluctant, to learn that we must make much of method and habit, and that without persistent fidelity there can be no attainment. We know and are persuaded that to attain any other kind of excellence, to excel as students of physical science, as painters, singers, pianists, violinists, we must give time and thought to it, resolute purpose and steady practice; but somehow we imagine that excellence in a life infinitely higher than the scientific or artistic life does not require any such earnest and ceaseless endeavour; that the finest powers and affections of our human being—the capacity of religious inspiration, the power to draw near unto God and to enter into the communion of His Spirit: that these powers, compared with which genius in music or painting or science is but a small thing, may be preserved and nourished into strength and beauty without the systematic care and culture which other and lower faculties and tastes and any mechanical or professional success require and demand. Fools that we are, and blind! Steady discipline and exercise are not more necessary to our physical and intellectual life than they are to our spiritual life. What would the body be and what the mind if they were treated as we treat our souls—left to accident and mood and impulse, without regular times and seasons, means and ministries? It is our finest feelings which require the most constant cultivation and care. It is our noblest powers that need the largest and most uninterrupted culture.

> Our sacred selves! Have we
> No charge to keep o'er this divinity
> That lives within us?

The Need for Leisure.

There can be no doubt that a large part of the decline of religious faith, about which we hear so much to-day—the loss of assured religious conviction, is due not so much to the disturbing effects of new knowledge, to honest questionings and doubts, to serious intellectual perplexities, but to far more commonplace causes, even to the hurry and unrest in which so many of us live, to our over-activity in the ways of business and pleasure which reacts in weakness, and to the gradual loss of those religious habits which are necessary to-day as yesterday to keep alive and ardent the holy fire in our hearts. Without uncharit-

*Published by J. MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. Price Sixpence.

ableness, it may be said that much of our scepticism and unbelief is simply the scepticism of neglected souls and the unbelief of world-worn hearts. It is often remarked that, in our distracted and over-crowded life, it requires a deal of effort to keep up our friendships with one another. But think you it repuires less effort to keep up our sense of intimacy with God, to know Him with that knowledge which is Eternal Life, to gain insight into His ways, to love Him, and to enjoy what the Benediction calls "the communion of the Holy Spirit"? Many of us, alas! do not take time to believe in God. By our unresting action in earthly affairs, by our neglect of meditation and prayer, we build up around ourselves the very conditions of unbelief, and thus the sense of God fades out of our hearts, and all vital recognition of God disappears from our lives. We cease to tend and feed the altar-fires, and in some hour of critical trial we wake up to the fact that the very capacity for receiving religious inspiration and religious comfort has almost perished, and we are ready to take up the moan of the dying Paracelsus in Robert Browning's poem:

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its signs, its note and character,
And these I have lost, gone from me for ever.

Of course we have lost our religion. Faith, hope, and love would not be worth having, if they could be kept with such neglect to guard the holy fire.

In these modern days, when men are so much given to commending industry and enterprise, and the tendency prevails to undervalue both the private and public exercises of religion, we are often reminded that to work is to pray, and many of us run away with a half-truth as if it were a whole truth. To live and work in such a great way that work becomes a worship and life a prayer, there must also be the prayer of quiet thought and aspiration, the prayer of the silent hour and of the heart which invokes the Divine blessing. It is a serious fact, shown by too many examples in every community, that the most active and enterprising men, and not only in business and politics, but in philanthropy and in ecclesiastical, evangelistic, and missionary affairs, are often the men who have the least personal life. So driven are they, so eagerly responsive to all manner of good causes, that they have no time for deepening the inward life, no time to lie passive and open to spiritual influences, no time for the musing which makes the fire burn, no time for the reading which kindles the soul with great thoughts, no time for breathing together the atmosphere of worship, and no time for the lonely communion with God which is so absolutely necessary to the replenishing of the spiritual energy which noble and effective life and service both in the world and in the church demand."

An Eighth Birthday.

By Grandmamma.

I look for the baby I used to know
(It is not so many long years ago).
I find him not; can any one tell, oh,
Where he has gone, this dear little fellow?

I look for the small kindergarten child,
That sweet kilt-clad darling, with face so mild.
And he has gone also,—gone quite away.
Oh, where is he now? Oh, where does he stay?

I surely shall find the glad trousered boy,
To whom his first pair was a world of joy!
What! He has gone also? Oh, what shall I do?
Can all this sad story be possibly true?

Well, where are my eyes and where are my ears?
I wonder what power that big football uprears?
I wonder whose shouts are so rending the air?
I wonder whose wheel spins like lightning out there?

Aha! I have found him! I know by his eyes,
And his mouth, and his hair; but I *don't* know his size!
This baby—this child—from my life disappears,
And here stands this big boy, just counting eight years.

Dr. E. Hale on Public Speaking.

THE Grand Old Man of American Unitarianism has been giving some advice to young speakers and preachers, which is just as much to the point for Englishmen as for Americans. Here are two of his rules:—

"My next rule would be, Never talk about yourself. As things stand, four men out of five whom I hear begin what they have to say—it may be in an after-dinner speech—by telling how they came to get there. The cab-man missed the way, or there had been no notification of the meeting, or the man himself had just arrived from Bar Harbour. Believe me, my dear young friends who shall read this column, the response in the mind of five out of six of the people you address is this: 'Who in thunder are you? Who cares anything about you?" If you have got anything to say, say it. Interest them in your subject. You would not like it if those men went home and told their wives that your coat was buttoned or not buttoned, that your necktie was tied in this knot or that. You do not want them to think about you. You want them to think on this subject on which you speak. If you can help yourself, you had better not say a word about yourself from the beginning to the end.

And my next rule is like unto this (I put it on paper in this column not long ago): If you are a preacher and have written your sermon, when it is finished, leave out the introduction and omit the conclusion. As things stand, fully half the sermons I hear are devoted in the opening quarter part of the address to explaining why that particular man happened to be thinking on that particular subject. 'I was in a friend's library last week, and I happened to take down a book of his which he had lately received, and in opening the book I found that the subject which was discussed was 'Is Black White, or is Black Gray?' and I remembered that, when I was at the theological school, my professor said to *me*,' etc. All this may be omitted. It may be put in the basket to sell for paper stock. The omission of the conclusion is attended with results as fortunate. Think of it! for the love of God, think of it! You are, under the providence of God, in that pulpit where for a few minutes you have the respectful attention of forty, fifty, two hundred, or three hundred people. You have something of infinite importance to tell them or to counsel them about. As you love God, as God loves you, do not use up four, five, or six of those precious moments in talking about yourself."

On the much-mooted question, whether we are all to preach extempore or not, leaders whom I have talked with about it have had many wise things to say. Mr. Webster is said to have said that the Christian religion proved itself divine because nothing without an immediate divine origin could have sustained the burden of written sermons for four centuries. This on the one side is bitter. On the other side, I heard Bellows himself, at the end of a very earnest appeal for more extempore preaching, say, "Every man here ought to ask why is Dr. Bellows reading these words from paper when he speaks to us?" To this imagined question his answer was valuable. He said that, when he returned from his summer holiday in Bellows Falls, he was never more happy than in speaking without notes on the subject which most engaged him. He said that for years he persisted in this habit, addressing himself with the joy of extempore speech to the congregation of All Souls' Church for several weeks. But he said that such an experience, such "joy of the spirit," infallibly always broke him down. He found he must not indulge in it. It was like too long a walk in the mountains, it was a swim too long in the sea. He had given up that habit of work because it made too much drain on his physical resources.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls, because to become one with the good, generous, and true is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves.—*Dr. Thomas Arnold.*

The Hidden Life.

Men, churches, classes, nations, are like icebergs, of which the part in sight represents only about one-tenth of the total bulk of the floating mass. Or they are like some plants whose bulk is mostly underground. Some part shows itself above the surface of the earth and rejoices in the sunlight; but the larger part creeps away in the damp soil among the mosses, and in the mould left by a thousand generations of plants that have lived before them. The real life is concealed.

Much of the study of what we call the subliminal self is concerned mainly with abnormal manifestations of the hidden life. In hypnotism, somnambulism, hysteria, hallucination, and various other queer, unusual, and sometimes repellent revelations of the hidden life, discoveries are made, and some insight is gained. The oddities of human nature are classified, the queer freaks of mobs are noted, and the irresponsible doings of the lower nature, when the guardians of mind are off duty, are put on record.

But there is a study of psychology more to the purpose, which begins, not with the morbid, the queer, the unnatural, and the unusual freaks of humanity, but rather with the normal, wholesome, and healthy elements of life which lie just as much out of sight in common experience, as do these other fantastic powers and eccentricities. When any one with serious purpose, apart from the whirl and bustle of life, attempts to take account of his own power and to trace the boundaries of his own life, he will, according to his intelligence, be impressed with the mystery of his own being. We have been taught to believe in these scientific days that the mind, with all its functions, is located in the brain and nerves, changes in which are accompanied by thought, feeling, and action. But when we take George Herbert's advice and look within ourselves, "and tumble up and down what we find there," we find ourselves and our spiritual possessions as elusive as is the spirit of life itself. Indeed, the way in which the writer of the Book of Job describes his search for the Almighty One might almost, without change, describe one's search for his own soul. He says, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." Nobody knows where he keeps his own character, in what receptacle his sentiments are packed away, the sources whence arise his emotion, and the tribunal from which his judgments proceed. One who is skilled in the art of introspection may easily do deliberately, and to good purpose, that which is often done in the excitement of delirium. He may sort out his principle sentiments, impulses, ambitions, judgments, and deliberate intentions, and personify them. He may carry on an argument between his conscience and his ambition, or between his ideal self and that Caliban of the soul, the brute beneath, which, being unchecked and untrained, will defile and deface the temple of the soul. He may bring his reason, his conscience, his love for others, and his honorable regard for himself into council, and hold converse with them on high subjects, as if they were independent personages.

But when one becomes aware of these qualities and powers, and the uses of them, he becomes still more conscious of recesses of his nature which he cannot penetrate. The inspiration of the Lord, which is a candle in the soul of man, does not light up all the dark places and reveal their contents. Still, again, there are walls and barriers which hide no dark mysteries. They are translucent, and behind them shines the light. But, if there are doors, they do not open; if there are windows, they are not lifted; and he who is silently thinking in the house of his life, finds there even more mysteries than are suggested to him in the outer world where his active life goes on.

That which is true of a single person is true of any group of persons that form an organic body, whether religious, social, or political. It is for this reason that all Europeans of wide experience and insight, after the most intimate acquaintance with Orientals,—Hindu, Chinese, Japanese, or Malay —confess that the real life of the Oriental is hidden. The truth is, it is so hidden from the Oriental himself that he cannot reveal it

if he tries. Behind each personality, or included in his own nature, lies the history of his race for thousands of years. Into his making went the lives of a thousand ancestors. They are so wrought together that, in his conscious self, and in the front he turns to the world, they make a rational whole which can be partially understood; but out of sight are things innumerable which make the difference between the Englishman and the Hindu, an American and a Chinaman. The study of these things which we are fairly beginning will, when developed, create a new science of education. It will give us new power to mould character, and will suggest ways in which all men and all nations may, by a course of common experiences, be brought in the best things to a common ground of sympathy.

For the Children.

THE STORY OF THE NETTLE.

"O Auntie May, come into the woods with me," begged litle Ruth one hot summer afternoon.

"All right," laughed Auntie May, "I am ready."

They were soon in the cool woods. Ruth quickly spied out a mossy knoll, and they sat down to rest.

"Oh, such lovely ferns!" said Auntie May, brushing a cool frond against her cheek.

"Oh, dear!" cried Ruth, "here's an ugly nettle, and it nettled me. I wish there wasn't a nettle in the world."

"I know a story about the nettle," said Auntie May. "I like the white blossoms and big green leaves, but the story is a bit sad."

"Tell it," begged Ruth, lying down and putting her head in Auntie May's lap.

"Once on a time," began the story-teller, "long, long ago, there lived a princess named Irmingard. In those days all the girls and princesses were taught to spin and weave, but Irmingard would not learn. Her mother was dead, and her father, the king, was very indulgent to her. So she led a boy's life, learning to hunt and ride intead of spinning. She hated the sight of such work and ordered all the spindles in the kingdom burned, and people dared no longer spin or weave.

"The years rolled on, and Irmingard grew fair and tall; but people did not love her, for she was haughty and selfish. One day she and a party of hunters were hastening home from the hunt ahead of a heavy storm, when lo! right in their path stood a tiny cottage. They were near the castle by this time, but none of them had ever seen this cottage before. The storm was almost upon them, and without knocking they burst into the room. There on the hearth sat an old woman busily spinning, her distaff full of soft flax.

"'How dare you spin in my kingdom,' cried Irmingard. But the old woman only smiled as the flax slipped deftly through her fingers. Irmingard stood before the old woman, tall and haughty. 'I forbid your spinning,' she said, throwing back her fair hair. The old woman rose and confronted her; but what a change! She, too, was tall and comely.

"'I am Athene, goddess of all spinning craft,' she cried. 'Proud princess, you have been false to true womanly industry, but you shall suffer for your pride.'

"Suddenly the storm burst upon them in wild fury, and the frightened servants of the princes fled. At last the storm was over, but the cottage and the spinner had vanished. Search failed to reveal the princess, either; but, on the spot where the cottage stood, grew a nettle, tall and stately. The people gazing on it cried, 'It is the princess, it is Irmingard!'

"The years roll on, but the people still flee from the stinging nettle that was once poor Irmingard. And so," continued Auntie May, softly, "I am sorry for the nettle, and I think Irmingard is sorry now. Don't you, Ruthie?"

"Oh, yes," said the little maiden, "and maybe some day nettles will grow without pricks; but I shall never knock them down with sticks any more, it might hurt the poor princess."

IN HARBOUR.

My little boat is in a bay,
It swings with gentle motion;
And there I lie and watch all day
The far-off, noisy ocean.

The ships go up, the ships go down,
And never see me spying;
They are the pride and fear of town,—
Sails wide and colours flying.

They are so strong, they are so tall,
They fear no storm, no sorrow;
With brave eyes to the sun, they all
Set sail for some to-morrow.

Sometimes I long to range and roam,
My harbour life bewailing;
But little boats must bide at home,
To gayly speed the sailing.

One of the greatest lessons in life is to learn to take people at their best, not their worst; to look for the divine, not the human, in them; the beautiful, not the ugly; the bright, not the dark; the straight, not the crooked side.—*Success.*

News From the Field.

WHILE the great revolution in English political life is taking place, and all parts of the United Kingdom are quickened into the performance of civic duties, it is all but impossible to fix attention upon the interests of a small body of progressive religious Thinkers and Doers. Yet the cause at the bottom is the same, the Nation aiming after a higher civic life, and the Progressives after a Diviner life in all things. We must pause for a passing moment to ponder the highest things.

We observe some changes in our ministerial ranks about to take place—all of them significant of life and activity. The *Rev. A. C. Fox, B.A.*—a young and earnest man who has already proved his quality is to go to *Moss Side, Manchester*, to succeed the energetic founder of that church, the *Rev. C. Roper, B.A.*; the *Rev. E. G. Evans, B.A.*, who has done good work at *Chesterfield*, goes to *Dukinfield*, in succession to the *Rev. H. Tayler, M.A.*—who pauses for a brief while after 20 years' of strenuous labour; the *Rev. C. A. Ginever, B.A.*, goes to toil at the lonely but arduous post at *Dover*; the *Rev. T. R. Skemp*, after a time of unrestful activity, is to lift up the banner once again at *Southampton*, and renew the life of one of the good old congregations, and the *Rev. A. H. Thomas, M.A.*, after a few years' happy ministry at *Stourbridge*, enters upon what may prove to be the great work of his life at the great Meeting, *Leicester*. One utters a sigh of regret, along with good wishes, to the able young man who is about to enter upon his new sphere, over the brave soldier who at *Davos* is trying to upbuild his strength that he may fight again in the cause of God and man

One good man, the *Rev. John Fox*, who for 20 years has ministered faithfully at *Hunslet*, is about to pause awhile and gather up strength again for fresh work elsewhere.

With these and similar changes our army marches forward on the field God has appointed.

It was well that the *British and Foreign Association* should have given so warm and graceful a welcome to Professor B. N. Sen, on the occasion of his visit to this country. He bears an honoured name, and keeps it bright and clean. The closer our bonds with the Brahm Somaj, the better at once for them and for us.

The response of 235 congregations to the appeal of the B. and F. U. Association is a significant proof of the interest felt by our congregations in that energetic and large-minded body of men who so wisely administer the affairs of the Unitarians of the United Kingdom, and the sum of £569 will be a welcome addition to their funds.

It was pleasing to note that *Dr. Hunter*, of *Glasgow*, shewed his interest in *Rev. E. J. Fripp*, and the cause of Liberalism in Religion by his presence at Clifton, and his occupancy of the pulpit at *Oakfield Road, Clifton*. This is as it should be, and betokens better things to come.

The good folk at *Lye* have been celebrating their Centenary, and they rejoiced in having the aid of *Rev. J. Wood*, and *Rev. A. H. Shellery*, who both rendered good service on the occasion. Financially and in all other respects the celebration proved to be very successful. We congratulate *Mr. Wrigley* and his people.

The *South Cheshire Association* though suffering from the retirement of its Secretary the *Rev. H. Haycock*, and the closing of *Mr. Badland's* ministry at *Whitchurch*, held a satisfactory and helpful Autumnal Meeting at *Nantwich*, and gathered its forces together anew for the work which lies before it. *Chester* will soon have a new minister in charge, and the *Rev. J. C. Street*, of *Shrewsbury*, has undertaken on behalf of the *Midland Christian Union*, to find suitable supplies for the *Whitchurch* pulpit until more definite arrangements can be made.

On all sides, even amid electoral struggles all over the country, our congregations are alive and alert. The various Missionary Associations are active, and great preparations are being made for the next Triennial Conference, which is to be held at Oxford.

Passing away from us, busy though we may be, we note the departure from us of old fellow worshippers and workers like *Mrs. M. Crocker*, of *Maidstone*, *Mrs. M. Lewis* of *Dowlais*, *Mr. Bruce Leach* of *Yarmouth*, *Mr. J. Atkin* of *Kilmarnock*, and, at the age of 74, one of our quiet, peaceful souls, who was little known but much respected by all who knew him, the *Rev. H. Webb Ellis*. Well done! good and faithful ones.

SCRUTATOR.

Jan. 18th, 1906.

Science, the so-called enemy of religion, teaches that the soul, the thinking part of man, the I, intangible, invisible, is essentially one with the Almighty Power whose life pulses and throbs through the universe.—*William D. Little.*

Christ comes only to the want of the soul. We shall know him, love him, feel his saving power, the glory and the blessedness of his birth in our souls, only when we heartily desire him.—*Selected.*

Religion is not a little fenced-off enclosure, within which all is sacred, and outside of which all is secular and profane. There is no such distinction to be drawn. Religion is life, character, conduct; it reaches up to God and down into the smallest details of daily duty; it covers everything.—*Selected.*

THE TEMPLAR PRESS, 168, EDMUND STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Telegraphic Address:
"EDUCATIONAL,
BIRMINGHAM."

Telephones 105 & 2140.

Depot of the Christian Knowledge and British and Foreign Bible Societies.

Corporation Street, Birmingham, Mar 31st 1906

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